# THE DEMOCRAT.

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CAPE GIRARDEAU, - MISSOURI.


## THE KING OF THE MILL.

BY JOSEPH NEVIN DOYLE.



One summer evening, after supper, M. La Rose, the village notary, came out upon the veranda of the Hotel Castor, his hat in his hand, his smoothly-shaven face ruddy and pleasant to look upon. Brabon, the drummer, who came up from Montreal, to St. Pyx occasionally on business, sat smoking quietly in a chair that was tilted against the wall.

"Good evening!" said M. La Rose.

"Good evening, monsieur le notaire!" answered Brabon, indolently.

Then there followed a little spell of silence that was intensified by the clatter of distant cow bells.

Presently there appeared in the street immediately before the hotel a sort of living fatasy—a singular dark-faced old man, who strode slowly past clad in a loose robe of many bright colors. His eyes had the unmistakable and restless look of the daft. On his head was a crown of buttons; brass, silver, bone, pearl, presumably sewn together on card board and making a headgear of remarkable brilliancy. Behind him walked a gray-haired, gray-eyed woman in ordinary garb. Her look was clear and steady; her demeanor in every way sane. Yet though it was plain to see she was a commonplace woman, there was something august in her carriage, unaccountably so, perhaps, but as natural as the studied pose of the other was constrained and unnatural. Her eyes were set fairly upon the fantastic figure before; but, I declare, this is new!"

an evident interest beyond his ludicrous pomp and preoccupation.

It was not surprising then to the notary that this apparition, emphasized in the magic atmosphere of the summer twilight, should have made Brabon to cry out with astonishment.

"Allons! What is this, monsieur? I have been in Saint Pyx many times before; but I declare, this is new!"

"A very pathetic affair it is, Brabon," said the notary, taking a chair and looking at his watch, to be assured he had time to tell the tale before going for his customary evening chat with M. Le Cure in the presbytery rose garden.

"There is a tale?"

"Well, as you will: a history, nothing absorbing but very human, very touching. Old Cesaire Moisson, a man with a large family, a thrifty, sober, God-fearing man once owned the mill by the River of Angels—"

"Yes, I see it from here; the squat white building near the cluster of willows yonder."

"Exactly. Well. He was a man with a considerable family, I said, did I not? and when the epidemic of smallpox occurred in the village—that was many years ago, monsieur—poor Moisson's family was attacked, and one after another his wife and children passed away, and he himself, indeed, till there was only left this son Zephrin, whom you saw go by a moment since—"

"It left him so—the smallpox?"

"No. He was not at home when the epidemic occurred; he was at college. Old Cesaire managed to put by enough silver to educate the lad—the brightest of his brood—and M. Le Cure also contributed, for he had hopes that Zephrin would become a priest."

"Then, I presume, the shock of this great calamity unbalanced the young man's mind."

"That may be pretty true, monsieur, though for a long time after the affair he was thought to be perfectly sound mentally. Well, Zephrin was obliged to leave college and take up the business of the mill—a lonely task it must have been for one who had but just tasted the sweets of knowledge. Then, every dusty timber of the mill must have seemed to him like a ghost of the happy days when the place was brimming with laughter and good cheer.

"He was not liked by the villagers on account of his silent and arrogant manner; he was unlike any miller who had ever been known. When the inhabitants came with their grists he received them with the grand air of a seigneur of the old days who, amid his courtly entourage, received the fiefs of his dependents. 'It's like that always,' grumbled the crones; 'poor parents fill their children's minds with foolish notions of greatness! Poor old Cesaire himself—rest to his bones—was not like this peacock. Cesaire knew his place bon vieux! A miller is a miller if his head be crammed with Latin or flour dust!'

"Everyone pitied Zephrin, of course, on account of his great bereavement and the business of the mill suffered no serious retrogression in consequence of his singular demeanor. This exclusiveness, this hauteur, however, was taken lightly by the young folks of the village and often of a summer's evening, like this one for instance, they passed by the mill crying up at Zephrin, who invariably pored over his books in the little dormer window: 'Behold the king of the mill!' Then with gestures of mock gravity: 'Think of his mighty empire of rats!'

"Quite so," said Barbon, "they taunted him into insanity with these gibes. The crown! the robes! I see now how they came!"

"Indirectly these taunts may have affected his mind, monsieur. His curious attire and mien are obviously suggestive of the fact; but it is my opinion his sad derangement is only partly due to them.

"Night after night the little dormer window of the mill was light till dawn; yet the earliest comer did not fail to find Zephrin up and about. No one could understand, for not another light save the miller's might be found in all Saint Pyx, not even at the presbytery, after ten o'clock. At length the tongues of the gossips began to wag. It went abroad that he was closeted each night with the Old Man—the evil one—debating upon the sale of his soul for riches and power to satisfy his sinful pride. Again, others said it was not Zephrin's light at all; but only the glowing of the ghosts of his family who came to entertain him. Indeed, taken all in all, the miller had become a fearsome individual and the neighborhood of the mill a place to be shunned after dark; unless one had no fear in his heart. If by any unfortunate concurrence of sorceries a person should chance to meet a firefly while passing the mill, no plunging of steel into wood might save him from the evil spirits. Even to bless himself and utter a pious invocation, perhaps, might not avail!

"In the midst of Zephrin's ill-repute a singular thing occurred. He was known to have fallen into conversation with a customer. It was this way: Colette Dion came often to the mill with the grist of her mother—a poor widow with 13 children, of whom Colette was the eldest. One day when she came down along the dandelion-dotted pathway leading to the mill, with her mother's grist in a bag upon her head, Zephrin watched her with much interest. If common report may be believed she was certainly, in those days, a picture not to be blinked casually. She had the figure of a nymph and a face, for all it was commonplace at points, something unusually fine for a villager. But the step, the carriage; it remains to this day, as we have seen, monsieur, dignified, distinguished, majestic! At first glance, it is said, there was some remarkable resemblance between Colette and Zephrin—and who can tell? it may have been some vague, suggestion of congeniality—some thin ray as from one distant planet to another which inspired the miller's interest.

"When, at length, she arrived at the door of the mill and deposited her burden beside it, said he:

"You have a meaning step p'tite and a pretty one."

"'True?' questioned Colette, with something finely scornful on her eloquent lips. She was piqued, let us believe, since he had not noticed her pretty face; for, though a woman may be conscious of her subtlest grace and charm, homage to the features is the thing—the real joy. Isn't it so, Barbon? 'Well,' said the miller, 'I doubt not there is more in your mind than the mere grinding of yonder grist, eh?'

"'It is my mind now,' said she. 'I: was my step lately!'

"'It is the mind which regulates the step p'tite. I always watch the step when I would know the mind," he responded.

BECAUSE A COMMON MILLER COULD NEVER WIN MY HEART.

"'Now, there is much in these fragments which reveals the clearness of Zephrin's mind at that period and also the real character of the man and the bent of his spirit. You see, it was the gesture, the carriage, the aspect that interested him most. Why? We shall see. Though Colette, it may be presumed, did not realize the true significance of his words, she remembered them—everyone—and repeated them to her mother, who in turn told everything to the cure, Langolois, from who I have this story. The girl confessed also to her mother that she was much surprised regarding the ill-reputed miller. 'M. Moisson—Zephrin,' she declared was not at all a weird man, but, on the contrary, very sensible and good-natured. Yet her mother warned her she must be wary; such fine qualities oftentimes screened the worst souls. Colette, however, maintained stolidly not a word of the village gossip was true. 'Indeed,' said she, 'they say also as naught things of me, because they think I am proud. And you know, mamma, I am not proud nor wicked.' So every time Colette fetched the grist from the mill, she returned radiant and full of praise of the miller. At length one day said he to her, so she retorted:

"'Colette, I am going to ask you something.'

"'If it is one thing I know what my answer will be,' she responds with much piquancy.

"'Well, if I should ask you to marry me?'

"'Then I should answer, "no!"'

"'Why?' says the miller, his heart sinking to his boots, no doubt; but rising again very quickly when he catches the twinkle of mischief in her eyes.

"'Because a common miller could never win my heart,' says she, coquettishly, yet with something truly dramatic in her pose. 'That is only for a great man.'

"'A seigneur?' ventured the miller.

"'Higher.'

"'A governor?'

"'Nay, higher.'

"'A prince?'

"'Even higher.'

"'A king?'

"'Yes, a king.' Then, after a pretty pause: 'And that is thou, my dear king of the mill.'"

"Now he draws her hands across the door of the mill and kisses her fair head that is fallen against his breast—and that is all. Let us suppose they simply looked out in a day-dream across the little River of Angels, to the pleasant daisied meadows and green fields about here.

"Well," says Zephrin to her, very gravely and with a new, strange look in his eyes—a look that frightens her not a little.

"They call me in contempt, "The King of the Mill,' but they shall bow before me yet as their king. And indeed I shall wear the robes of a king and speak the noble words of a king, which I am getting by rote each night where they see my lamp burning in the dormer-window. Hein! They shall sit like rats, the rats whose emperor they say I am now, while I hold them in my spell with the brave lines of Moliere! Of Corneille! Of Racine!

"The good Saint Ann protect us! Who are they all?" cries Colette, now much perturbed. But the miller continues without noticing the interruption.

"'And I shall come to you then with my triumphs; in my fine royal robes of purple and gold and ermine; with my glorious jeweled crown. And I shall kiss your hand in homage to your beauty and lay these laurels, these triumphs at your feet, my queen! my Colette!'

"Just then appears a farmer with his grist and the happy, frightened girl flits away like a startled bird.

"Bon dieu!" said Brabon. "I see—The stage was his vagary!"

"Yes!" said the notary, bowing his head as before some great mystery. "At the college entertainments, while strutting through the plays of these great masters in the little hall, with its small stage and crude scenery; before the common village audiences, he first heard the siren voice of art. And it is as a siren's voice, to some you know, Brabon. Eh bien! What is the difference? He is playing a role now—how tragic a role—"

"But about Colette?" interrupted Brabon, with some impatience. The gentle sentimentality of the notary escaped, to an extent, the bluff, practical drummer.

"Ah, there is the role!—the role of beauty and distinction! Think of it! All along she has believed in him vaguely. From the day he had frightened her with his strange talk, seemingly so irrelevant to her happiness, the poor, small mind was filled with visions of mysterious greatness and joys to be in the future—much as are our visions of the life to come. He asked her to wait. She must never be the wife of a common miller, but of a great man, a man whom the whole world applauded. And so she waited; trusting, loving, believing in him infinitely; and even when her reason is fallen into decay—see the devotion! Each day, all these years, she goes to the mill and tends upon him, performing the household duties, conducting the business of the mill, detailing the work and instructing the men hired to do the milling. Thus has she cared for him as no one would care for a child and, in all, save the matter of this vagary, he is obedient to her slightest whim."

Brabon touched the notary's arm.

"See! They come again!"

Once more the bizare figure strode past, followed by the woman. They had walked to the church where Colette was making a novena for Zephrin's recovery.

When they were gone a little way, the notary arose, looked at his watch and made as to set forth. Brabon detained him.

"One word, monsieur. They are married now?"

"Oh, no! That could not be," he answered, with something like a sigh. "They are still courting and looking forward to a day of greatness and making ready for the wedding. Mon Dieu Brabon! That is love, eh?"

## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Brown university has conferred the degree of M. S. upon Nathaniel Herreshoff, the famous designer and boat builder of Bristol, R. I.

—John E. Parsons, of New York, the sugar magnate, will give a schoolhouse to one of the suburbs of New York in memory of his children. It will cost $10,000.

—English schoolboys seem to be over-conscientious. Two of them at Sutton, in Nottinghamshire, 12 years old, were caught getting candy out of an automatic machine without inserting the penny in the slot, when they went off to a pond, tied themselves with handkerchiefs and drowned themselves.

—The Methodist Episcopal publishing houses in Lucknow, Madras and Calcutta are on a far more satisfactory basis now than ever before. They have invested in property and plant above all liabilities some 275,000 rupees. They are in the beginning of a great work for India's evangelization.

—Mr. Rowlands, Q. C., recorder of Swansea, who has just embraced Catholicism, on graduating from Oxford became a clergyman of the Church of England, then head master of a grammar school, and in 1871 turned lawyer, was made a queen's counsel, entered parliament and later was appointed to the bench.

—Rev. F. W. Overhiser, formerly pastor of the Baptist church of Cold Spring, N. Y., is now a machinist in the Hall Signal company's works at Garwood, N. J. He says he prefers working at his old trade rather than be a burden on his relatives while waiting for a church to call him. He is making three times as much as he did when a pastor.

—The late George Munro was a most generous benefactor to Dalhousie university in Halifax, and he was held in high esteem all through Nova Scotia. He had given the university more than $300,000, and its special holiday, known as "Munro day," was celebrated with enthusiasm by the students every year. Mr. Munro was himself an admirable classical scholar.

—Forty thousand Japanese have become professed Christians through the efforts of missionaries. Among these are many high in social rank and of the greatest intellectual power and influence. Independent in all things, the Japanese now desire to direct the affairs of the native churches themselves and are growing restive under the leadership and control of mission boards.

## HOOF PARINGS A PANACEA.

**Blacksmith Tells Queer Tales of Superstitious Persons and Dogs.**

What becomes of the parings from the hoofs of horses in blacksmith shops? A horseshoer who was asked this question let his hammer fall on his anvil and told a reporter some queer things — that dogs make away with most of the parings, which are esteemed a great delicacy in canine households; that a choice paring is a fancy tidbit which can be secured by the commonest dog if he be watchful and industrious. The glue in the paring is probably the part relished, the smith said.

Negroes have a superstitious fondness for hoof parings. Some are said to carry a piece for good luck. Others use the parings to make decoctions for various diseases. An old white-haired negro, suffering with toothache, went into a Grant avenue shop not long ago and said that if he could get some horse hoof parings to smoke in his pipe he could cure his toothache. The blacksmith's helpers were ready to assist him, and being a waggish lot of fellows, they did even more than was expected. The old negro's pipe was filled with parings, horse hair and other things that made the vilest smell imaginable when a match was touched to them. One of the helpers inhaled the smoke from a cigarette, which set the old negro imitated with his pipe. It was momentarily expected that he would collapse, but he didn't. He walked away, saying: "Young gem'lemen, I'm done cured; when yer get de toofache, jes smoke hoss hoof."

A story is told that gypsies tole away valuable dogs by occasionally dropping a small paring which the dog finds and eats. The animal continues to follow the gipsy until he is caught and carried away.

Horse hoof parings are not the only thing in demand at a blacksmith shop. The scales which the smith hammers from the glowing metal are considered a valuable ingredient for medicines which negroes make. Iron scales and molasses boiled together are administered for dropsy and liver complaint. Housewives also mix the scales with the soil in which geraniums are planted. This is said to cause the blossoms to take on a much darker hue.—Kansas City Journal.

**It Was True.**

Late in the evening a report spread through the train that we had as a fellow passenger a man worth $20,000,000, who had got on at Buffalo. I made inquiry of the porter of my car, and he replied:

"Dat's what dey say, sah, but yo' can't allus tell. He's in de next cah but I can't dun say if he's rich 'till mawnin'."

Next morning the porter beckoned me into the smoking compartment and said:

"Dat story was all true, sah."

"Then he's worth $20,000,000, eh?"

"All of dat, sah, an' mebbe mo'."

"How did you find out?"

"From de odder po'tah, sah. De gemlan has jest gin him ten cents, while everybody else has cum down wid a quarter!"—N. Y. World.

**Too Bad.**

"It's too bad," said the young woman who wants to be new.

"What's the trouble?" asked her mother.

"Just as soon as we've made up our minds to show the world that we are not the weak, timid creatures we have been pictured the announcement comes that the trees are full of caterpillars this year."—Buffalo Times.

## NEW YORK IN THE REVOLUTION.

**The Part Taken by What Was Not Then the Empire State.**

The population of the state of New York, at the breaking out of the revolutionary war, was less than 300,000, and New York was sixth on the list of states in respect to population, Virginia being the first, with more than 700,000; Pennsylvania second, North Carolina third, Massachusetts fourth and Maryland fifth. After New York came South Carolina, then Connecticut, with New Jersey not far behind. Not only was New York precluded by the sparseness of its population from participating very actively in the patriotic uprising, but other conditions were also adverse to such a course. The city of New York, the main city of the New York colony, was tory in its sympathies, and the population of the colony was distributed along the Hudson river, the western part of the state, remote from the interference of the British ships, being a huge forest. Nevertheless, and despite these disadvantages, 2,075 American patriot soldiers were enlisted in New York for service in the war; Virginia's quota at the beginning of hostilities in 1775 being 3,100, North Carolina's 2,000 and Georgia's 1,000. The two states which came forward most actively with volunteer soldiers after the firing of the shot at Lexington, "which was heard all around the world," were Massachusetts, with 16,000 troops, and South Carolina with 4,000. Pennsylvania at the beginning of the war, was very tardy in coming forward. It lagged behind the other colonies with less than 500 recruits.

A short time ago a request for the loan of the revolutionary muster of New York state was made by the Washington war department through Gov. Morton to the state board of regents, and was refused. The request was made by Lieut. Col. Ainsworth, who had charge of collecting revolutionary data for the national government, and was referred to the regents, because they are the custodians of the state's revolutionary records. The regents agreed to allow Lieut. Col. Ainsworth access to their muster rolls if he would send a corps of persons to Albany to copy them. The regents of the New York university are, by a law passed in 1784, not only the custodians of the state library, but the state museum as well, and upon them depends the protection of the state archives.

In the second year of the revolutionary war New York's addition to the quota of troops was 8,000, and in all there were 35,000 enlistments in New York. One of the most important battles of the war of the revolution, the battle of Saratoga, in October, 1777, was fought within the boundaries of New York, and ten days later Burgoyne's surrender took place at Saratoga. From that time on much of the fighting was done in New York, and the New York soldiers took a very active part. The culminating scenes of the war, however, were in Virginia, rather than in New York, and in the subsequent legislative proceedings taken to found the republic on a firm basis and provide for the presidential succession New York took a much less active part than either Virginia, Massachusetts or Pennsylvania. Several New York men, however, distinguished themselves as commanders in the revolutionary army, and before the next succeeding foreign war, that of 1812, New York, with a population of 1,000,000, stood first among the states—a position of supremacy it has never lost since.—N. Y. Sun.

## BICYCLE SIGNAL CODE.

**Bell Taps to Be Used in Passing Other Wheels.**

There are a few cyclists in the city who have, almost without knowing it, adopted a code of signals to be used in passing others on wheels. They are simple and can be memorized by anyone in five minutes. It is not always the case that riders should pass to the right. This rule, it is obvious, is true when a person is simply passing along a street without intention of stopping or turning out, but when stops are to be made or when a corner is to be turned the rule often fails. In the code of signals given below it must be understood that the one giving the signal should always be obeyed in allowing him to pass as his signal indicates, otherwise collisions may occur. The signal should always be answered by the one to whom it is directed giving the same signal. The signals are as follows:

When approaching from opposite directions:

One ring—I will pass to the right.

Two rings—I want to stop at the left curb or turn to the left into a street or alley and will pass to the left.

When approaching a rider from the rear:

One ring—I will pass to the right.

Two rings—I will pass to the left.

Three rings (when approaching two people from the rear)—I will pass between you.

It must also be understood that one ring of the bell means one pressing of the thumb piece or one turn of the thumb wheel as the case may be, or one stroke of the hammer if it is a bell that allows distinct and separate strokes to be made.—Indianapolis Journal.

**Ambassadorships.**

The American conception of the prizes in the diplomatic service is that to be ambassador at London is the highest position one can attain. Yet in Europe Paris is still preeminent. In his recent farewell speech Lord Dufferin, taking leave of the service forever, said that "to be ambassador in Paris is recognized in every country in Europe as the ultimate reward and prize of the diplomatic profession."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**True as Gospel.**

She—How true it is that deeds are better than words.

He—Yes; especially if a brown-stone house goes with the deed.—Washington Times.

## HUMOROUS.

She—"How true it is that deeds are better than words." He—"Yes; especially if a brown-stone house goes with the deed."—Washington Times.

—Waggles—"I'm hungry enough to eat a dry crust, good woman." Good Woman—"Sorry I have none. Shut the gate when you go out."—Detroit Free Press.

—"Is that report true about Wheeler joining the prohibitionists?" "No; I think it started from his attempt last week to smash a brewery wagon with his bicycle."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Johnnie (the office boy)—"Mr. Sands, the grocer, is downstairs, and wants to know why you didn't answer his letter about last month's bill, sir." Editor—"Tell him he forgot to inclose a stamp."—Tit-Bits.

—She—"Dearest, am I the first girl you ever loved?" He—"Little sweetheart, the man who could look into those trusting blue eyes and tell a falsehood is not fit to live. So prepare yourself to hear the truth. You are."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—An Irishman and a Frenchman were disputing over the nationality of a friend of theirs. "I say," said the Frenchman, "that if he was born in France he is a Frenchman." "Begorra," said Pat, "if a cat should have kittens in the oven would you call them biscuits?"—Toronto Christian Guardian.

—She—"Well, good-by, chevalier. But I hoped you would have stayed longer with us." The chevalier (who prides himself upon his English sayings)—"A sank you, mais, helas! I fear me I must go cook some fish!" (The chevalier intended to say that he "had other fish to fry.")—Judy.

## EXPERIMENT IN SILK CULTURE.

**Silk Worm Eggs from Japan Developed in America.**

The superintendent of the reformatory prison for women at Sherborn, Mrs. Ellen C. Johnson, who has for years been one of the most enthusiastic as well as most successful propagators of the silk worm in this country, has recently finished a highly interesting experiment with eggs received direct from Japan, where such a specialty is made of this branch of domestic industry. Miss Johnson having been engaged in the work for quite a time, the in-breeding process had, it was found, lessened the value of the eggs obtained, consequently the results were not as satisfactory as could be wished for.

A few months ago, while Kosuki Tomeoka, one of the chaplains in charge of the prison interests in Hokido, where are located five institutions of this kind, was visiting the Sherborn reformatory, Mrs. Johnson asked him if she could obtain eggs of the silk worm in his native country. He immediately gave her a letter assisting the superintendent to accomplish her purpose. As a result of this letter, there were mailed in two queer looking bamboo rolls about 50,000 eggs of the worm, these being sent on five different paper cards to which they were fastened by glue or some other adhesive substances. As soon as received in this country, the eggs were placed in a refrigerator, and later the process of hatching was gone through with, but only about 1,000 of the eggs produced worms. This failure is attributed by Mrs. Johnson to the fact that perhaps the United States mail bags, while coming from Japan, were brought in too close contact with the steam pipe on the boat, and in that way the eggs were overheated.

She has this satisfaction, however, that the worms brought forth have already begun to produce silk, which is the finest in color and texture of anything made in this country, as far as her experience goes. The cocoons, which are now placed in brown paper cornucopias that are homemade, are white in shade and of quite perfect formation. The variety of eggs is what is known in Japan as "Koishiman," and were produced as an institution founded by the silk industry guild for raising worms. Another trial of eggs from the same source will be had. Mrs. Johnson has produced many thousands of silk worms, and her silk exhibit at the Columbian exposition in Chicago was greatly admired. She has but recently received from the committee on awards at the world's fair a parchment diploma and also a fine bronze medal for the woman's prison exhibit, of which the silk worm product was a part. She has at present 124 mulberry trees growing in one of the yards of the institution, from which are regularly gathered leaves to feed the worms.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

**Speak to Each Other Once a Year.**

There is, in Tennessee, a family of three sisters which presents some of the most startling peculiarities imaginable. The three sisters, all of whom are old maids, live together on a farm, their sole means of subsistence, and work early and late to earn a livelihood. Two of them work in the field; the third does the cooking and the other housework. There is but one period of the year when any member of the trio has anything to say to any other member. All during the winter, spring and summer they go about their business with the seal of silence on their lips. When fall comes and the crop is harvested they break the silence, and then only to quarrel over the division of the proceeds. When each has succeeded in getting all that she thinks possible, silence reigns again until the next harvest time. The sisters have made a name for themselves. They are known far and near as the "deaf and dumb triplets," although this title is scarcely appropriate.—Chicago Tribune.

**Plays as an Antidote.**

In China, in times of pestilence, persons are permitted to witness gratuitously theatrical performances and displays of fireworks, the object being that their minds may be distracted from the prevailing epidemic. In large towns places are provided in which those who in desperation give up the battle of life may quietly lie down and die.—Chicago Chronicle.